

Toothless the Night-Kitty

by The Wolf You Fear

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Summary: A sudden storm knocks the best friends off their feet, but something even more shocking is in store: Toothless is a cat! Not like he wasn't already...

1. Of Snow and Storms

"Toothless! You know Dad hates when you get on the roof!" Hiccup yelled up to the shiny black ball of energy bounding down off the top of the hut. The Night fury had had a bit of cabin fever lately, as the constant winter storms had kept the dragon riding Berkians from exploring the skies. Now, as there seemed to be no storm today, Toothless was itching for a flight, and Hiccup wasn't going to deny that he too wanted to soar.

"Okay, bud, you got me, we can go flying," He paused, watching the black dragon's extreme excitement boil over as he catapulted around the blacksmith's, "But you have to promise me that we come back in at the first sign of a storm."

Toothless's bright green eyes drooped halfway, and he moved his mouth in a sarcastic, copying manner as he grudgingly complied. Hiccup understood his excitement, but he wanted to make sure they were safe. He could never live it down if something happened to his Night Fury.

The two walked out towards and overhang that overlooked most of the quaint but sturdy village. Hiccup sighed, looking out at the quiet scene, snow blanketing everything in a soft sheet of white. Toothless shifted impatiently, his black claws sending up flurries of perfect white flakes as he pawed the ground, waiting for his rider.

Hiccup cast one last glance at the village, then at the sky, clear, with the sun illuminating the snow as the clouds hastily made way for it. He climbed on the dragon's back, securing his false leg in the contraption that Gobber had made for him, and as he spread the red

tail fin, the bright white skull catching the sunlight, the two shot off into the sky.

Neither Toothless nor Hiccup ever felt as alive as when they were flying. They loved the vertigo, the air whirling past them in a rage as they entered its domain. Toothless surged upwards, his muscles rippling with the effort to pull them into the sky. Hiccup held on with every muscle in his slowly strengthening body, the force of the air around melding them together, pulling them through the skies as one.

Toothless rose high in the air, floating over the village with his wings vibrating from the wind. Hiccup could see everything. The huts seemed large and strong when you were among them, but from up here, they seemed mere specks of life compared with everything that could be out there. Hiccup looked out away from the village, towards the sharp crags and steep rocks a little ways over the sea. That would give them some fun without straying too far from the village.

Hiccup angled the tailfin, letting Toothless know they would be going that way. He nodded and with a shake of his wings they plunged towards the rocks, unafraid, everything about them just aching for the thrill. They landed on the first rock, which overlooked the obstacle course perfectly carved by wind and rain and all the harsh but beautiful forces of nature.

In their minds, Toothless and Hiccup scouted the perilous course they would take through the rocks. A dive there, a twirl there, they were sure they'd be safe. Well, even if they weren't, that was what made it fun, right? Hiccup crouched low over the controls, his voice barely a whisper as he spoke to his dragon.

"You ready bud?"

Toothless looked ahead in agreement, his muscles tense, his wings ready to snap open. Hiccup cocked open the tail fin and Toothless lifted in the air, soaring over the collision course. Then, with a jubilant sound that only a Night Fury can make, before closing his wings and letting gravity take him, he dove straight down towards the crags.

Down, down, down, the gravity was pulling them towards the center of the earth, their muscles and reflexes screaming for them to pull up, before it was too late. But the dragon and his rider knew better than that. The sharp crags were coming at them it seemed, like the fanged jaws of some almighty predator bringing them to the dark and the death below.

Just as the razor tipped fangs were an inch from Toothless's muzzle, the dragon rider snapped open the fin, the air billowing beneath as Toothless spread his wings, twirling out of reach of the sharp crags, towards the rocks ahead, their minds speeding with adrenaline, their reflexes keeping them from befalling the fate of a lesser creature.

Toothless's wings whirled around as they dodged a rock stack to their left, then plummeted down and rose back up again as they swerved through an opening in a rock face. They swung this way and that, their whole bodies and minds whirling with the thrill of the chase, only focused on the rocks in front of them, until they claimed

victory over every single one.

Suddenly Hiccup spotted a swirl of darkness billowing towards them from high up in the sky, the center of the black and grey glowing with green. He motioned to Toothless, who saw it, but they were both focused on the obstacle ahead of them. That was Hiccup and Toothless; Always living in the now.

Suddenly the pair dropped, pushed towards the ground by a downdraft. Toothless righted himself, and swerved to the right to avoid a stack, only to look up to see that it was falling, the whole thing plummeting downward as a strike of lightning exploded at the top. They swerved again, hurling to the side and escaping just as it fell behind them, crashing and sending a small explosion of dust and wind toward them.

Toothless tried to push upwards, but suddenly the wind was all around them, buffeting them, shaking them, tossing them in the air like leaves in a fall breeze. Suddenly Toothless cried out, his balance fading and plummeting down to earth with him. Hiccup turned, and could see a rent in the tail fin. They were helpless in this storm.

Suddenly the wind carried them towards the center of the storm in an updraft, the darkness pulling in and around them, but lightening up ahead as they were pulled into the pulsing green vortex. The gray clouds swirled around them, the wind howling in a wickedly mocking manner as the green sucked them in. Toothless was still flapping frantically even though he was useless against the wind with his tail fin broken. Hiccup fumbled with the controls until he was just pulling random levers and switches for no apparent reason except to save his Night Fury.

Suddenly the laughing green vortex shoved them down, pushing them until they were falling through the green light, everything crashing around them.

The last thing Hiccup was aware of was his safety line snapping, a bolt of lightning, and Toothless's scream fading away.

2. What in Valhalla?

Light. Air. Breath. Dust and ashes swirled through the windy atmosphere, brushing Hiccup's unconscious face as they continued on their airborne journey. The sky was clearing of clouds, though a pale gray haze tried to cling as the rest of the clouds were blown away. A beam or two of wavering sunlight reached the grassy ground, doing its best to brighten the world. A groan. Hiccup was awake.

He tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot up his skinny arm. He winced, lowering back down a little, and then trying to brace on the other arm. That worked a little better and he could finally see where he was. A green hill rose slowly away to his left and behind him he could catch glimpses of a large dark green forest, the tall leafy branches inviting him with their shelter, but he knew there would also be danger where dragons lurk, even for the dragon rider himself.

That's when he realized; where was Toothless!?

Suddenly panic raced up his back, clawing him from the inside out as he stood up and called for his friend. A sharp pang of guilt fought with the fear; it was his fault they were out here. They shouldn't have gone flying when it was so obvious that The Fates would bring a storm. _Yup, the gods hate me._ He thought stubbornly as he searched.

He strained his ears and his eyes for any of the night furyish sights or sounds that would alert him to Toothless's presence. He saw nothing across the wide grassy plane. He heard nothing from the murky depths of the woods. He sat down again, not caring to bandage the red-stained wound down his arm. Where was Toothless? Suddenly nothing in the world mattered more than finding his best friend.

Hiccup's false leg had been jarred, and now he looked down to fix the strange metal contraption, his hair falling down in his face as he worked, the reddish-brown threads catching the last rays of sun. Hiccup fought furiously with the contraption, bringing out his knife to make it easier. He wasn't going to be able to walk for long with his leg like this.

Suddenly an echoing sound spiraled up into the air, sounding not much like anything any Berkian had ever heard but strange and lovely and light. Hiccup's head shot up at the sound. It could be Toothless. It had to be Toothless.

Ignoring the pain in his arm and his Jarred leg, Hiccup limped as fast as he could over the grassy plane towards the sound. He could be rushing blindly into the open jaws of some fearsome predator. Or he could be finally finding his friend. He slowed down at a narrow slope, angling his body sideways to make the going easier. A small hollowed out tree waited for him, looking lonely as it stood tall, almost seeming to scrape the sky, its bare branches clawing out at the world, like a demon or a monster, trying to bring life down with it into death, clutched in its foul claws.

Hiccup wasn't shaken by the appearance of the tree, or the fact that it was hollowed out and probably was home to some unknown creature. He just wanted to find his friend, though the hole in the tree was hardly big enough for the black dragon. He slowly stepped towards the tree peering inside but not daring to go in to its dark depths. A root seemed to come out of nowhere and Hiccup tripped and fell, inconveniently on his bad arm. He groaned, trying to turn over so he could get up.

Suddenly a small explosion hurried towards him from the darkness inside the tree. It was pretty small, but Hiccup wasn't ready when the creature bounded on top of him, and Hiccup feared it would try and kill him, when the creature became clear.

It was furry, and black, and it had bright green eyes that seemed to stare into Hiccup's soul. Instead of claws, this creature had short, stubby paws, and these seemed safe enough. A fluffy tail waved in the air, before the creature sat down on his chest and wrapped the tail neatly around his paws. It had large ears that stood straight up, were kinda long, and looked exactly like-

Hiccup gasped. The creature blinked, and then seemed to smile, a crooked smile—without teeth.

"Toothless! What happened to you!?"

Toothless brought his tail in front of him, showing it to Hiccup forlornly. Hiccup knew what he was trying to say: He couldn't fly.

"I know bud, but what are you, anyway?"

Toothless seemed to shrug, then brightened up-Hiccup could practically see the wheels turning in his reptilian-well, mammalian mind. He raced inside the bole of the tree, moving in leaping, light, bouncing movements. He soon returned with a stick, and Hiccup smiled with the memory of that evening at The Cove. Since then, Hiccup had taught his dragon how to write Viking symbols and words, so now he was intrigued as to what Toothless would write on the bare space of dirt in front of the tree.

Toothless maneuvered the stick around in the dirt, having to walk around at every turn in the markings. His head was crooked, as he dragged the stick across the ground, and Hiccup laughed at the sight of his dragon trying to work in this new, strange, but still cute as ever body. Toothless tripped at one point, his furry body rolling over in the sandy dirt. He righted himself, shaking the dirt from his fur and strutting around like nothing had happened, before returning to his writing.

Soon enough, the black dragon-well, not really a dragon, stood back from his work, looking out over the scrawling lines with a vain amount of pleasure. Hiccup stood up, and tried to make out what the lines in the dirt meant.

He gasped, and at the same time laughed, as he made out what it said. There, scrawled in the dirt, overlaid with a dozen tiny paw prints, the message was clear:

"I'm a cat!"

3. The kitten-ness continues

Hiccup laughed at the sight of his best friend reduced to a cute and cuddly fur-ball. Toothless didn't look happy at his amusement, and narrowed his still big green eyes until they were mere slits of a window peering into his viridian soul. The night-kitty leaped, clearing a good three feet off the ground to land onto his unsuspecting owner's chest, digging needle-sharp claws into his skin in annoyance. Hiccup yelped and stumbled back in mock agony, doubling over as he clutched the soft body of his dragon-cat and tried to pry him away from his shirt.

Once he freed the kitten's rage from tearing up his clothes, Hiccup sat down on the dry earth, staring at Toothless in confusion, with a mythic wave casting over his eyes in a thoughtful look as he puzzled over what had just happened. His dragon had gotten caught in a blast in the storm, and they had both come away from it in the same area, but with Toothless drastically changed.

Well, Hiccup thought as he looked back at the shiny black ball of energy restlessly fidgeting with his paws, _not so drastically. _His

pet maintained his stature as a predator with a dorky side, but fully dedicated to Hiccup. He still had stubby paws and long, unpredictable ears. The black on his body still shone with an iridescent blue glow when it caught the fading sunlight. His dragon still loved him. Hiccup sighed in defeat and anticipated relief. Whatever happened, the two best friends would be alright.

A twig cracked on the far side, facing the woods. Hiccup and Toothless's heads whirled around, Toothless's ears rotating to catch the sound. Hiccup squinted and stretched his sight to catch any glimpse of something nearby. A twig cracked again, followed by a dry rustling within the deep eaves of the dark forest. Toothless growled, not as intimidating as he could have been, the growl sort of resembling a rabid chipmunk. But who could blame the guy? He was a cat!

Hiccup turned back to Toothless as the rustling got louder. The black cat's green eyes were focused on the woods, glittering with challenge. Toothless was itching for a fight. Hiccup glanced back at the ominous trees ahead of him, and then turned back to the restless dragon-cat.

"Toothless, stay here."

No such luck. The shiny black cat leaped onto Hiccup's pant leg, precariously clawing and picking his way up his clothes, causing multiple tiny scratches, until he sat with triumph on his shoulder, curling his silky black tail neatly around his paws. Hiccup moved his hands to remove Toothless from his shoulder but stopped with a single piercing glare from the flashing green eyes of his night-kitty. Hiccup sighed in defeat, lowering his hands away, and set out towards the depths of the ever-growing danger in the woods.

As Hiccup hesitantly stepped into the forest, a dark green aura seemed to fall slowly like a hazy mist and cloaked him, surrounding him with the feel of the leaves of low branches brushing past his skin, the scent of the decomposing soil giving way under his fur boots, the taste in the air of danger and excitement and fear and thrill.

Hiccup dared looking back towards where they had come. As if under some spell made by some high deity of the forest, the low branched trees and undergrowth seemed to close in, isolating them from the clear air outside, sealing them in with a distinct sense of foreboding. The twig cracked again. Hiccup stepped forward into the darkness inside the green, eerily reminding them of the storm that had left them here.

They cautiously made their way through the ominous forest, avoiding touching the high branches as if they carried some sort of ethereal curse. The trunks of the tall trees stretched upwards, layered with thick reddish brown bark, rough to the touch. After the initial spurt of undergrowth at the entrance to the woods, the trees seemed to thin out, and get taller, branches disappearing and sunlight sliding through the leaves to beam to the bottom of the viridian world.

Hiccup looked around warily, peering as far as his human eyes could see into the darkening green, but the rustlings had stopped. Toothless growled again, the tiny vibrations in his chest shuddering

through Hiccup's arm, and he reached up to pet the silky-soft black fur. The cat-dragon purred blissfully and arched his once-scaled back as his rider caressed him.

Suddenly a crashing, grating, creaking sound jerked the friends' attentions away, Toothless accidentally digging his needle-sharp claws into Hiccup's shoulder. Hiccup winced, threatening to pick up the night-kitty by his newly acquired scruff. Toothless let up, giving Hiccup an irritated glare and they both turned back towards the sound, which was now echoing ominously towards them.

A shadow fell over them, enclosing them for a split second in complete and impenetrable darkness, but then the second was gone and Hiccup looked up to see a tree, possibly the tallest in the forest, crashing down towards them, the leaves still reaching towards the sky as if they would like to break off and fly away, the reddish brown bark hurtling towards them with alarming speed. With a shout, Hiccup leaped away, still running until he heard the crash behind him and knew he was safe.

He looked back, walking slowly closer to the tree, now torn apart with the force of gravity. The bark seemed shattered, like thick, opaque pieces of glass scattered around where the tree had fallen. The green leaves drooped, as if sad that their quest to the sky had failed. Silence faded in all around, but a bright, sharp beam of white sunlight pierced the green of the atmosphere where the tree had been standing.

Hiccup reached up to his shoulder to pet Toothless- but his hand only found empty space.

Hiccup almost yelped in surprise and panic, and he looked around frantically, scanning the clearing, searing the undergrowth with his searching eyes. The fear for his friend clawed him, prickling along his spine and stabbing in his stomach. He had to find him. It couldn't end like this.

He ran around the fallen tree to try to find him, and then suddenly stopped short. The tree stump, it wasn't broken off naturally with uneven cuts along where it had snapped off, this one had a straight line. Nothing hung off. It was as if it had been cut with an axe. Hiccup stared at it as if it was the missing piece to an infinite jigsaw puzzle.

A deep, menacing, reptilian growl sounded from a clearing nearby. Hiccup raced towards the sound, his panic and adrenaline rising but hope intertwined with it as well as he stomped unwarily through the undergrowth towards the clearing.

The growl sounded again, as Hiccup stepped into the clearing. Suddenly the rustlings were accompanied by scores of other trees falling, and Hiccup took a quick step backwards, but when none of the trees came towards him, he stepped warily back into the clearing. Something landed in the darkness beside him.

The light illuminated the form as it stepped forward, showing its carnal teeth, the narrow, hard muzzle curving into a horned head, the back riddled with spines, and no legs. There were just long, razor sharp wings.

A Timber jack.

Now hopefully you'll click that review button and make Toothless-cat very happy :)

4. Here comes the crazy

Sorry for the wait! I had all this homework and I was distracted with life, but yeah. Finally I got on here and I'm like, Wolf, you GOTTA WRITE A CHAPTER OR THESE PEOPLE WILL HATE U! So here's your chapter. Special thanks to a random person and vennetachi. You guys are awesome!**.**

(Astrid POV)

Astrid looked around the earth toned village in worry. Sure, Hiccup and Toothless sometimes went out on their own, for days even, scouring the skies, exploring unknown reaches of whatever mysterious place they could find. But this was strange. If Hiccup and Toothless planned to be out this long, they would usually notify Gobber or Stoic. And that storm— Astrid shook her blonde head. She was supposed to be the tough girl. They just probably found another dragon nest or something, nothing to worry about.

She jogged over, her furred boots thudding on the packed earth, to where the others were, sitting around, and now and then casting worried glances at the skies as if Thor had some unknown grudge against them. Ruffnut and Tuffnut weren't even clawing at each other today. And as she walked past, Snotlout didn't care to grin at her or make some sort of "manly" remark. Fishlegs looked sadly at his well-worn dragon book in his chubby hand, as if he no longer had the energy to spout out everything in it to annoy the other young Vikings.

Astrid sighed, looking around at the forlorn group. She turned and slumped down on the long log bench. Four heads slowly turned her way. She threw her hands up in the air, anticipating what they would say.

"Okay fine. Rant at me then. We're not going after them. It's too dangerous."

"But it's not fair!" Fishleg's voice jumped up a pitch, "He promised me we'd try to find rare Nadder scale specimens today."

"And we want to have a trick contest!" Ruff and Tuff simultaneously griped.

"And everybody's so mopy, darling." Snotlout earned a piercing glare for his efforts at charm.

Astrid glanced around at the gangly crew. They would be like this until Hiccup came back or they got to go look for him. And as much as a part of her resented it, Astrid knew she could never replace Hiccup's role in the group. She sighed, slumping down further in her seat, her cropped blonde bangs slipping into her face, covering her eyes.

"Fn. Wglokfurthm." She mumbled.

"What was that darling?" Snotlut found himself reeling from a hard punch in the arm as Astrid stood up. She glared around at the group, her pent up rage urging her to grab her axe and clobber everything in sight.

"I SAID FINE! WE'LL GO LOOK FOR THEM! HAPPY!?" The group's somber expressions turned in an instant into excited joy and apprehension. Astrid sighed, her rabid expression softening into what might have been a small smile. They were so happy to help him. They were so loyal to him. She could never lead like that. But what did it matter? They were all going to find him now, and everything would be back to normal.

She led the group of uncommonly excited Vikings towards the large barns where they kept their dragons. The towering wood carvings of dragons painted with crude colors that stood on top of the building seemed both ominous and protective, watching all down below with wooden eyes, seeming to rule the plaza, as if they were the very pets of Odin.

The large wooden gates creaked as Astrid pulled them open, the metal hooks clanging as she let go and stepped in with the other Vikings. Shards of dim clouded sunlight spilled through rifts in the rafters, illuminating the dust in the air like tiny shining stars glimmering in the half-light. The places where their dragons roosted were along the edges of the barn, with more stacked on top of them, reaching up towards the top, where the highest living dragons rested. There were no doors on the separate roosts, as the dragons in this barn were loyal enough to their owners to be trusted.

Astrid whistled loudly, and a crash pounded down onto the ground, sending up a cloud of dust that shot outward, then drifted away in silence. Stormfly, Astrid's Nadder, stood majestically in front of them, her blue scales with tinges of yellow and green catching the glancing shards of light like a prism. Her ridged claws dug into the earth on the floor of the barn, leaving deep birdlike prints where she walked. Her large head and curved predatory beak bent downward as Astrid went over to her.

The other Vikings' dragons were already saddled and ready for flight. Astrid glanced at the group and briefly stroked her dragon's head, before swinging her legs over Stormfly's back, bringing her up to ride the dragon. The dragon leaped into the air, flapping its short wings fervently as it maneuvered out of the barn, the others following. They rose up in the air above the village, looking as normal as a fishing patrol out to find the best shallows in the coves around the village.

Astrid turned her dragon around so she was facing the gang. A wind rippled behind her, billowing out her hair, but she paid no attention.

"Okay, we're going to look near the nesting caves first. If he's not there, we'll take the ridge towards the tower rocks." Snotlut was pointing and trying to mouth something frantically, but Astrid ignored him, thinking that he was just trying to say something clever. "Fishlegs, you take back left, Ruff, Tuff, upper right with-" "DUDE LOOK BEHIND YOU!" Snotlut yelled, frantically staring at something behind Astrid.

Astrid warily turned her dragon around, until she was facing the oceans on the edge of the island where the rest of the gang was staring. Black and gray clouds were forming quickly, seeming to race towards the suddenly small looking village with maniacal force, the black surging like waves in an ocean, the large gray looming darkly behind it. At the center of the rising storm, a tinge of light green was visible, swirling like a vortex in the midst of the black and gray.

The storm was almost above the village now, the dark shadow falling over most of the huts and plains that had looked so amiable minutes before, bleaching all the light from them like another, darker dimension. The wind, swept over the plain, blowing through the grasses and ravaging the waves into mad fury with a howling delight. Most of the Vikings in the village were looking up now, scanning the skies. Astrid and the gang still hovered, the wind blowing in their faces as they braced for what would come.

From the center of the swirling green there came a figure. A pale greenish dragon with three heads emerged from the storm, its snarling grimaces and slits of pupils seeming almost feline. Its wings were huge, flapping in an uneven pattern, the long tail lashing, as if the dragon was in an almost rabid state. The heads coiled amongst themselves on long necks, snapping and fighting but always retaining that insane snarling smile. Claws at the end of the lashing tail grabbed emptily at invisible prey.

The rider of this beast stood atop it, a woman, with long black hair waving in the wind. She was tall and slender, with armored chest and leg guards. She held a long staff in her pale hand, and stretched it outward towards the village.

"Hiccup's dragon has been enslaved! You will all bow before me! FOR I WILL TURN YOUR DRAGONS INTO MY CAT ARMY!"

So, hope you like that. ** Also I'll be publishing my book soon. It's about wolves and people that can turn into wolves and epicness and stuff, but just a status update for that. Happy reading!**

5. Timber Jacks and Toothless-Cats

HAI! Just a status update that I might be starting some other FICS since most of mine are kinda failuresâ€¦ *sobs*â€¦ BUT HEY! MY BOOK IS GONNA BE OUT SOON! And, as always, special thanks to a random person and Vennetachi. You guys are like, the only people who ever review my stuff and that is AWESOME! I had started this other FIC in the Thor universe, and it had this sword-fighting thing since I'm a fencer and I love that stuff. (Some of you on here might know who I am nowâ€¦) But here's your chapter.

Hiccup barely averted his eyes from the large slender dragon in front of him, but he could tell by the variations in light and shadow that the day was growing thinner, and night would soon creep over the world, enveloping it in darkness. He dare not wait that long. He had to find Toothless and get out of there.

The Timber Jack was still staring the short Viking down, its long narrow muzzle inches from his face. Hiccup backed away ever so

slowly, smoothly, no jerking movements, just his halfway outstretched hand in front of him, beckoning, enticing, promising, as he edged back into the undergrowth. The Timber Jack stepped forward.

Hiccup smiled, stepping back farther now, offering his hand as he stood still, and waiting for the creature to move. The Timber Jack looked suspiciously at the young, scrawny Viking in front of it, as if sizing him up for his worthiness, as if each dragon only deserved the perfect rider, and anything less or more would crush its instincts, leaving it unable to be ridden. But Hiccup was no ordinary dragon rider.

Suddenly, a black streak of lightning whirled into the Timber Jack's side, knocking it down with unexpected force. A yowl ripped the air in half, as the two struggled on the ground. Toothless.

Hiccup rushed over, trying to pull his dragon-cat out of the fray to no avail, the black Night-Kitty just shaking him off and going back to pulverizing the poor dragon. Suddenly Hiccup grabbed the loose skin and fur at the nape of Toothless's neck, and pulled with all his might. To his surprise, the cat curled up in a ball of black fluff, looking up at Hiccup imploringly with those unnaturally green eyes, as if he still wanted to fight but his body wouldn't comply.

Hiccup spared a scolding but amused glance at his Night-Kitty, before turning back to the Timber Jack that had scrambled away from the fight as soon as it could and was now staring at them with an unreadable expression. It glanced at them, and of course, Toothless, the master of perfect timing, had to hiss, completely adorably, but still seeming menacing enough to the Timber Jack that it whirled up into the air and streaked off-well, tried to. A wound in its wing sent it tumbling down to earth a couple yards away. Thanks for that Toothless.

Hiccup reluctantly set the black dragon-cat down, almost afraid he would bolt off again and cause more damage to the Timber Jack, but Toothless did not recognize The Power of the Scruff, and would rather not let his body go all, curl-up-like-a-cute-kitten-oh-wait.

Hiccup rushed over as fast as he could to the wounded dragon without causing alarm, running his hand over the unconscious form of the majestic beast. The wound would heal, and it might buy some time for Hiccup to regain the dragon's trust. Toothless padded over, sniffing curiously, wrinkling up his tiny pink nose at the raw scent of blood. He backed away and looked up at Hiccup with dilated pupils in his guilty eyes. Hiccup gave up trying to hold back the smile that played at his lips and stroked the Night-Kitty's smooth fur. Even under the fluffy overcoat, muscles still rippled with feline elegance and strength. He seemed to be a bit bigger, though it may have been the humidity puffing out his fur, or maybe he was just getting used to this new, smaller body.

The Timber Jack moaned pathetically as its consciousness began to return. Hiccup jerked his gaze back to the dragon, crawling slowly closer to get a look at the injured wing. It would be harder to bind the wound thanks to the razor sharp edges on the front end of the wing. Hiccup's mind whirled, the way it always did when he was studying a new species or learning the best ways to train or create or find or know. He stroked the membrane of the dragon's wing in comforting, smoothing gestures as he reached down to one of his

upgraded side-pockets, pulling out a gauzy bandage-wrap-sort-of-thing. He wrapped the wound with rhythmic winding turns, humming some sort of song that lulled the dragon ever so slowly, as it closed its eyes and let the smoothing hands bring the darkness and the absence with it, to sleep.

Once the wound was bound and the Timber Jack safely asleep, Hiccup looked over to his own dragon-cat, whose large eyes were half closed in semi-conscious bliss. Hiccup smiled and sidled closer to the small feline, twining his hands in Toothless's newly acquired fur and puzzling how they would get home. This place they were in couldn't be too far from Berk, at least he hoped not, but he had never seen this area before on his regular outing trips with Toothless.

The airy blue-blackness of the tropical night began to slowly creep over the horizon, the sun hurrying down the slope of the earth as if it was suddenly a deer fleeing as prey from the bright moon-wolf that ran through the sky after it. The stars and the fireflies winked together, echoing against the blackness, showing that no matter what, there would always be a little bit of light in the darkness, and darkness in the light, and however they struggled, none would reign supreme.

Hiccup's plans became blurred as his mind quieted, his eyes closing gently as the darkness of the night took hold of his mind, dragging him downward away from the starlit clearing, enclosing him in, towards the comforting soft blackness of sleep.

A shadow crossed the unusually large moon's light, the silhouette seeming to unnerve the wind, as it howled and twirled dangerously away. Black wings beat against the night, as if to push the lighter darkness away to take over the world with the pitch black, deepening until there was just silence, and nothingness, and all souls in the universe were lost.

Four heads twined and snapped, clawed tail scratched at the sky, dark figure, wind whipping hair across the moon. The storm. The green. The wind. The darkness. A dragon's scream echoed into the air, raw and bloody red against the green as it swirled upward, tossed carelessly away by the wind. A flash. Nothing was left.

So, there you have another pointless and short chapter with ineloquent writing for all! For all my readers, if it seems weird, the idea for this FIC was supposed to be a comedy, because with the Toothless cat thing, and then I started writing and I was like, "Oh forget humor this is EPICNESS TIME," So then after that chapter I remembered it was supposed to be comedy, so I added the plot twist with the crazy cat lady, and then it was so confusing, so if you guys totally hate this or something that's fine with me, JUST AS LONG AS YOU REVIEW, EHEHEHEHE!

6. Of Cat Toys and Couches

**AAAAAH! I'm so sorry I haven't updated! My excuse is that my old computer just totaly DIED on me, and I lost all my stuff, so I started a new FIC called The Adventures of Loki and A Very Fat Midgardian Cat. If you've seen Thor, The Avengers, or Thor 2, and you like them, go check that out and you'll get hugs from all my fanfiction cats ;) But yeah I finally was like, "JUST UPDATE

ALREADY!" and then I was like, "Okay fine! You don't have to be rude!" And then I was like, "Why am I talking to myself," So yeah. Happy reading! :)**

(Astrid POV) Astrid and The Gang stood tied to to the wall of the sturdiest hut in the village, the gags over their mouths not doing much to stop them, well, some of them, from talking. Astrid couldn't turn her head thanks to the chains, which happened to be made out of ****cat toys****. And she didn't want to turn her head because there was a large jingle ball tied onto her forehead, making it impossible for her to see through the impenetrable haze of ****CAT STUFF****.

Seriously. There were cats everywhere, roaming around the plaza like they owned the place, which, right now, they basically did. They were on the roof of the hut they were tied to, which made Astrid even more wary to move because she feared one of the hyperactive felines above her would pounce on her head, and she couldn't let that happen, because that would mess up her hair, and if you happen to be the main female viking character in a franchise, and you do a hair flipping thing that makes live-action and animated boys alike squirm, you gotta keep your hair nice.

This predicament, however, was not keeping the other vikings from talking, and well, basically being very close to almost maybe being as annoying as the cats. Almost. Astrid kept hearing stuff like, "Oh, I'm hurt, I am very much hurt!," and, " I think this particular species of cat is harmless, just an annoying fur-ball," and, "How do we even know about cats anyway? I mean, we're vikings, so we just automatically know what another creature from some other country that hasn't probably been hugely domesticated yet is? Oh forget it. It makes a good chapter."

And after Astrid got over the fourth-wall-breaking aspect of the entire situation, she was interrupted by the telltale roar-meow of the crazy cat lady's dragon approaching. As usual on her now routine visits, the sky darkened into deep gray, then lightening to green, always that pale, mysterious green, that swirled around, rampant on itself, chasing and teasing the gray and black shadows all around. The dragon's scream echoed again, the three large heads coming into view, the woman standing on the large dragon's back always the same, long black hair waving out in the howling wind, black mask covering her face, long, straight staff in her hand. (Astrid wondered if she made the weather that way just so she would look cool, you know with the hair-flying thing, and NO ONE was gonna steal Astrid's hair flipping thing. No way.)

The lady laughed, a harsh, almost two-voiced sound against the wind, when she saw that everything was the same as when she left the last time. The main, dragon training vikings tied against the wall, the other villagers hard working, building things such as large scratch-posts, and cat toys and such needed things. Well, everything was almost the same. The vikings that had been working suddenly hurled something at the lady and her dragon, but they missed, the object falling into the ocean with a rather anticlimactic _splash_.

"AAww, Come on. That was my favorite couch!" A random viking exclames.

(Hiccup POV) The sun rose quietly, pale creamy yellow at first, as it chased away the night's cold winds, rising until the creamy yellow turned to pink, with the clouds, then gold, then blinding white, as it rose, chasing the darkness away, and bringing light to the shadows. Slowly, consciousness returned to the three beings asleep in the clearing. Hiccup was woken with two simultaneous feline yawns.

Instantly, he snapped into a sitting position, eyes wide as he whirled around. His eyes lighted on his Cat-fury, and his body relaxed again, relieved that he hadn't wandered off or fallen prey to any of the night scavengers. His eyes traveled around the clearing, searching for the Timber Jack-

A light brown tabby sat where the huge dragon had been. He lifted one of his tiny paws, looking at it with utter confusion, waving it around in the air as if he still expected to fly, then glancing at Hiccup, uttering a small, questioning _mew?_, then returned to looking confusedly at itself.

Hiccup just stared at the fuzzy feline for a minute, expression totally blank, until he suddenly started laughing, rolling on the ground (literally) as he struggled to control himself, his shoulders still shaking as he finally sat up on the ground, staring at the Tabby-Jack with a mixture of amusement and bemusement. The Timber-Cat looked at Toothless-Cat like, _What the heck is with this guy?_ The Night-Kitty clearly shrugged.

****Yeah, I know it's short, but I finally was like, Toothless is a CAT for goodness sakes, just make it at least a little bit funny, so if my humor wasn't great, blame my CRAZY MIND THAT COMES UP WITH WEIRD IDEAS AND THEN JUST WRITES IMAGERY ALL DAY. Okay, I'm done with my rant now. If you review, you get hugs from Toothless Cat plus Tabby Jack, plus ALL OF THE CAT LADY'S CATS! So review. Right now. Just type me a dang review. ;)****

7. Lightbulb!

****SORRY GUYS OMGERSH I HAVE EXCUSES LIKE MY COMPUTER DIED THEN I WENT ON VACATION THEN I WENT ON A ROAD TRIP but now I'm back so DEAL WITH IT! I really wanna keep updates more frequent but the plot and the plot and.. U KNOW WHAT I MEAN****

The crazy cat lady drew slowly closer to the unfortunate couch-thrower. The unlucky viking crouched low to the ground, trying to cover himself with several cats that were nearby. They meowed irritably and swatted him with their paws and leaped off innocently. The viking nervously laughed as the cat-changer drew closer.

"YOU DARE THROW A COUCH AT ME!?" She screamed, her voice rising to an earsplitting pitch, the echoes of her dragon's accompanying screams spreading like a howling ghost through the village as her temper threatened to change the ominous green storm into a whirling cerulean hurricane. The Viking froze for a second, staring up at the crazed figure above him, before bolting unceremoniously off as far as he could go.

The cat lady watched him furiously for a moment, then, with a triumphant grin aimed her staff and fired.

"OW!"

The lady stared at her staff in confusion. All it had managed to do was singe the Viking's bottom, leaving a smoking mark where his pants used to be. The other Vikings turned their gazes away hurriedly. The cat lady quickly pulled out a long, thin box with a description of the product on it.

Crazy Cat Lady Staff:

_ Keep away from children as they will probably break the fourth wall somehow._

_ Instructions: To use, enter the HTTYD universe, and aim staff at whoever you choose. Will turn dragons, mice, and dishwashers into cats, but doesn't work on HTTYD humans, as their animation structure is too hard to alter. Swing above your head dramatically for desired epic green swirly storm effect. Toothless is adorable as a cat. Watch out for couches. Also comes free with epic creepy dragon._

_ \$25.00 Radio Shack_

The lady flung the box away from her in disgust.

"What a ripp-off. And 25 dollars too." she muttered.

Hiccup eventually recovered from his hysteric laughing fit and was now marching through the woods with the two dragon-cats on his shoulders. They kept play-fighting with each other and batting frantically with paws outstretched in front of Hiccup's face, sometimes grazing his noze, so he decided to take turns with one on his shoulder and the other tucked soundly under his arm. The cerulean sky peeked in golden threads through the leaves, guiding the travelers as they strolled almost aimlessly through the verdant world.

"You know..." Hiccup sighed, "We could just live here..."

Toothless-cat, who had been sound asleep on his shoulder, suddenly sat up with a start and gave him a look that spoke clearer than words: _But what about Astrid?_

"Oh yeah. Okay, forget that. It is nice here though..." Toothless nodded subtly and curled up into a small fluffy black ball and slipped silently back into sleep. He felt heavier on his shoulder. Hiccup reached up with his free arm and stroked the smooth, fluffy figure. He was getting to like this version of his dragon, and though he missed the power of flight and the thrill of the air, he was starting to love the feeling of his slender, cold fingers burried in the black, fuzzy warmth.

Evening stalked slowly up the forest, splashing the leaves with vibrant pink and purple sky-colors and hues, fuschia, crimson, gold, viridian fading to blotsches of cotton candy white and pink as the sun dived down to the other side of the earth that we never reach. The moon waited. The time of the black and blue splashed with stars was not yet. The sun still reigned in its death throes.

Hiccup and cat co. settled under the branches of a huge gnarled tree, the bare branches adorned with termite markings, the swirling branches twisting up into the sky like smoke. The cats were asleep. And under the light of the purples and fading grays, Hiccup had a thought.

He knew how to get home.

** As you may be able to tell by the lack of plot and the stalemate with everything, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO DO! Ideas would be helpful (VERY MUCH SO) even though I might possibly maybe have an idea if you haven't noticed, but I know how I want it to end I just don't know how to get there. So yeah. Follow, Review, Fav, whatever you wanna do. It will make Toothless-cat and Tabby-Jack love you forever. ;) I'll try to keep the updates more frequent as well.**

8. Hiatus note

**This story is now on temporary hiatus until summer. My life has just suddenly gotten so busy and I never have time to write XD. In the summer I'll have plenty of ideas for you guys **

(Hiccup POV)

"Oh, is it a hiatus? LETS THROW A PARTAY!" Hiccup gets a beatbox and all the dragon cats start dancing. Everybody else appears at random and dances epicly UNTILL SUMMER.

9. Of Dreams and Fluff

The fire crackled lazily, smoldering and sometimes sending up hopeful sparks into the black oblivion of the night. Its amber flames illuminated the clearing with a hazy glow, and sung upwards into the sky, twisting, leaping, and convulsing in a mad dream dance. The stars splashed across the airy skyscape, following winding paths under and through the cloudless sea.

Below the ethereal reflections, the clearing was a haze of dreams. Hiccup, the Tabby-Jack, and Toothless-Cat were curled up against each other for warmth, with two additional members. Two Terrible Terrors had run across their path earlier that day, and were all too eager to come with them. They had travelled the rest of the day without a thought, and the now mysteriously changed Kitten-Terrors made four dragon-cats.

The ghost of a thought drifted through Hiccup's dreaming mind and flew away, bringing a peaceful smile to his face.

It was all according to plan.

(Astrid Pov)

The night sung sweet lullabies, floating along thoughts and crooning the tied-up Vikings into a restless sleep. Astrid stirred and shifted her weight, trying to ease the discomfort of sleeping standing up. She hesitantly opened one bleary eye and peered at the dreary scene.

The hulking, three-headed figure of the Crazy Cat Lady's dragon hunched atop a roof, its ragged wings stretched out over the plaza, their shadow blocking all but slivers of the moon's blue light. It was an intimidating scene on its own, to be sure, but when the motive of the oppressor has kittens involved, you can only be so scared. Astrid rolled her eyes, exasperated at the sudden and strange turn of events. You can't add kittens to every franchiseâ€|right?

Shoving the thought away brought back others on strings of discord and imagination, to pull her along through unbidden memories. Always at night they showed, purple with warmth. They tugged her features into a myriad of smiles and sideways grins, and she floated among them with ease. Sleep began to lay its soft, heavy fingers on her, when just on the brink-

"Mew?"

Disgruntled, she blinked and looked down, identifying the speaker as a smallish, pale fuchsia kitten, fluffed up with cold, and looking up with large, imploring green eyes. Astrid wasn't so moved by this performance.

"Mew to you." She said dryly and closed her eyes, attempting to fall back into oblivion's embrace, but with no such luck.

"Mew! Mew! Mew! Meeow! Meowmeow! MEW!" protested the creature, proceeding to cling to Astrid's legs and attempt a climb. She looked down, annoyed. The kitten was stuck like glue.

"What do you want?" she questioned irritably, "I'm tied up, and there are like, three thousand other cats around here. Why me?"

The kitten merely slid back down and looked up forlornly, curling around her foot like a slipper.

"Meowmeowmeowmowmeowmeowwwwâ€|" it began.

"â€|Shutâ€|upâ€|pleaseâ€|I beg of youâ€|" Begged Astrid, but the kitten ignored her entreaties, and night was far from over. Desperate, she attempted to wiggle free of her bondage, if only to silence the creature. As she shifted, a wayward tie tightened and tripped her over, leaving her half-suspended in the more reliable threads, dangling precariously above the ground in a literal cat's cradle.

"Well, this is just greatâ€|" she muttered, while the dragon-turned-cat looked mischievously up. It extricated itself from around her foot and leaped onto the diagonal hammock, stepping gingerly into Astrid's arms and curling up into a prompt, tight, warm and sleepy ball of fuzz. Astrid sighed, defeated.

"Anyone want a free scarf?" she joked to herself, picturing just how stylish Hiccup would look when wearing the pink dragon-kitten-scarf. A chuckle escaped her tired lips. Why the normally feline-free island was suddenly assaulted by cats in such a random manner was a pleasant, humorous mystery, merely serving to waste a few more hours of unsuspecting humans' time. Or maybe it was just a deranged dream, contorted by the subconscious' view of the waking world.

Whatever the case may have been, she was glad when a pale finger of light creeped up towards the near-black horizon, slowly illuminating all that was and wasn't. The stinging fangs of Winter's cold hesitantly crept back an inch, determined not to lose its grasp, but nullified by the sun's gracious rays. Flakes swirled flippantly and fell as a breeze gasped and sighed, happy to see the approach of dawn and settling into a pallid, but peaceful sleep.

Daylight grew and swelled like thunder.

Or was that just the dragon snoring?

*Odin's underwear! Tell me it hasn't been a year! O.Oâ€¦it has, you say? NUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUuuuuuuuâ€¦ I apologize, my dear readers, for the dull normality of human life is rather discouraging to writers of kitten-oriented fanfictions. I also regret how short this chapter is, but action is hopefully coming and there wasn't much more I could do with this sequence. If you have stuck with this story all this time, you are the best human in existence and you deserve a cookie. Like, right now. SOMEONE GO GIVE THIS PERSON A COOKIE!**

End
file.